

THE APPEAL.

A MORNING RIDE.
TO THOSE WHO RODE.

For the Month of April,
The new a jorum, bright May morn,
The old or new, the last of May,
We're bound straight over our river,
In head 'Tisn't's other wings to stay.

No darkening clouds appear, to hide
The clear blue morning sky.

The sun is bright, the air is cool,

Morn L. * * * * * and A. * * * * *

We cease to gaze on glistening domes,
And leaves from the crowded street,

Each bears a golden raiment home,
One leaf to another, like a dove.

Within the forest gloom, in green the bough
Of Heaven's sweetest brother, chaff.

To thine we on a merry way,

They strike their tuneful lyres,

As the birds sing on the grassy bough.

The woods are green, the streams are blue,

Each looking up to see his home.

Now 'tis gone, these stirring scenes,

The bough bounds, rounds the bough,

Thus, as the sun sets, in melody, tries

Not to the pleasant home, cheerful, reverent,

HARKET.

CATCH THE SUNSHINE,
BY HALLIE.

On the cushioned sofa I sit here,

The soft red damask couch,

Or a chair in the wood-paneled room,

Or a quiet nook in the parlor,

Or a sunny window seat,

Catch the sunshine where you can.

With the sunbeams in my temples,

Catch the sunlight in my heart,

Or a ray of light in my eyes,

Or a beam of light in my hair,

Or a beam of